

## THREE PRETTY BOOTBLACKS.

They Are Destined to  
Create a Decided Stir  
in New York  
City.

THERE are three bootblacks in New York City who are destined to create a stir. They are young, raven-haired, and they can polish boots with a dexterity and neatness that rival any "John the Bootblack" who ever swung his sign beneath a corner saloon.

Mrs. Kora M. Johnson does the chaperoning and managing, and Miss Bessie Weaver and Miss Edna Wiggins are her proteges.

They are Chicago girls, and have plenty of Western grit and energy. Some time ago they found themselves confronted with the cruel problem of "How shall I make a living?"

They are girls of good, respectable families and had never anticipated the contingency of having to earn their own bread.

They had no aptitude toward any money-making accomplishments. So they did precisely what all girls do under the circumstances—told canvassing.

They canvassed everything from books to household implements, and made considerably better progress on the road to starvation than to riches.

They spent a precious penny each day for a newspaper, and answered hundreds of advertisements that seemed promising and proved otherwise.

One morning Kora Johnson, who arose at 6 o'clock to read and answer ads. before any other girl in Chicago should have the chance, found the following: "Wanted—Bright, active, good looking young women to travel for reputable business house. Call."

Mrs. Johnson went to the address given and waited until the place opened.

She was the first to go, and the first to be disappointed.

As usual, it was only an opportunity to canvass. This time it was shoe blacking.

She was more than usually disgusted on the way home, for she had been inveigled into purchasing a bottle of the polish.

"Girls," she said, when she got back to her room, "I'll have small rations to-day, but good looking boots."

Thereupon all the girls took a shuie out of the bottle, and discovered that a patent leather effect could be produced without rubbing or polishing.

For a moment the girls admired their boots. Then Kora Johnson sprang up with a cry of delight.

"Girls," she cried, "to-night we'll dine at a table d'hôte. I've got an idea that will make money."

The girls looked happy and hungry, but dubious.

"My dears," continued Kora Johnson, "there isn't a man in Christendom who wouldn't buy a bottle of polish that fixed his shoes like that. But he'll never know those results by having the polish poured in his face. It's got to go on his boots, and I purpose to put it there. I believe we've struck a winner at last. Let's go down to the factory."

That afternoon the girls started out on

these new work.

They agreed to meet at night at a little restaurant in the downtown district. Every one of them got there late, tired out, but smiling.

"I have polished forty pairs of boots," said little Edna Wiggins, "and I sold a bottle to every man but one. He, poor fellow, was a seedy looking individual who has seen better days. His shoes looked so badly I couldn't help giving him a shine. I never saw such genuine surprise in my life."

From that day this happy Bohemian trio saw the light of a new era dawn. They moved from their old rickety quarters to a cozy apartment, and became regular bachelor girls. They canvassed Chicago thoroughly and made money, creating no small sensation in the office buildings where they went.

Then, when Chicago shoes were resplendently shining, and Chicago gallants all supplied with the cause thereof, these enterprising young women made up a list of terms and cities, pocketed their grips and started off to canvass the country.

They are not only making a good living, but they are having a royal good time. When they have finished their present trip they will have been all over their own country and will have seen everything in it that is worth while seeing.

During working hours they work hard. There is nothing flashy about them, and they don't aim to sell blacking by the aid of good looks.

Their costumes are rigidly plain and neat, and the only burden of their working hours is a small grip containing the polish. An open bottle is kept handy.

Immediately after a pretty, good-natured face is thrust through a doorway the trim little bootblack follows, and before the banker or broker or whoever he may be has time to recover from the surprise of seeing a girl at his feet polishing his shoes the trick is done; and it is very seldom that he doesn't take the polish.

"We are always glad to see an old man," said Kora Johnson, "because they're invariably kind to us. And butchers and bakers and all sorts of men who are apt to be their own bootblacks are glad to see us."

"We don't like women. They are almost always unkind to us, either in offices or at their homes."

"And young men?"

"Well," with a little laugh, "we like young men, too, but they usually detain us. You see, it only takes one minute to polish two boots, but it takes at least ten to refuse to make a date, at the crudest possible enticement."

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## HIS REVERENCE SOUTH SEAS.

How One of the Raging  
Heathen Looks Who Has  
Just Become a Chris-  
tian Preacher.

THIS authentic photograph, recently taken by a Sydney amateur on behalf of the Sydney Bulletin—a journal deeply interested in missionary enterprise in the South Seas—will, it is hoped, supply

forty ounces, and beyond the age of forty years the weight slowly but steadily declines at the rate of about one ounce in ten years. Moreover, the brains of idiots are generally much below the average, some weighing less than 16 ounces. A German biologist has calculated that each human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die and are succeeded by new ones every day. According to this there should be 575,713,000,000 brain cells in the world—more or less.

When Bob Fitzsimmons got back from the West he gave a pretty elaborate supper at the Hotel Bartholdi and took occasion to thank all his friends who had put their money on him before he left New York for the training quarters. Among others

of his friends was an elderly man whom Bob called the man of the feast. When the festivities were rolling high, Fitz sent upstairs for his London silk hat, and ordered it brought to the banquet table.

When it arrived Bob arose from his seat, and, holding the bell-topper high in the air, said:

"Gentlemen, I wore this hat from the ringside in Carson to San Francisco two days after the fight, and it is the only silk hat I have worn from that day to this, but I want to present it now to the prince of masochists, and will put it on his head as a

long-felt want to those who desire to know what the raging heathen looks like after he has given up his debasing superstitions and no longer bows down to wood and stone. The picture will enable the pious ladies who supply funds for the conversion of the heathen to perceive that all their money is not spent in waistcoats."

His Reverence, it will be observed, is a real person, and "has got 'em all on"—holly hat, sacred gamp, orthodox coat, and carries under his arm seven or eight pounds of the Word. Also, he is an unsophisticated shepherd, and evidently possesses most rudimentary ideas as to the proper manner of wearing his white necktie. The good gentleman is now gazing with chaste sorrow at some heathen English sailors, belonging to a trading schooner, who are violating the Lord's Day by bathing their toll-stained bodies in a river of the Vineyard.

He carries an umbrella, but it is not by reason of his fear of rain. He is simply taking precautions to prevent the ruin of the Book he carries.

You will perceive that he is lightly and airily clad. In fact, he is clad for the most part in his complexion. His feet, too, are unshod. There is probably not a South Sea shoemaker living who could fit him out with shoes on short notice.

Note the long and apparently prehensile toes, the absence of instep, the carelessness with regard to golf stockings.

In short, His Reverence, it will be observed, is a real person among his countrymen, and wears all the insignia of his occupation that is necessary.

He takes no interest in ablutions of any kind.

Altogether, this picture of the missionary fills a long-felt want. It gives one an exact idea of the reformation of a race who in years gone by preferred roast missionary to roast duck.

From over the water comes an echo of the suicide of Barney Barnato, the South African millionaire, which will appeal to all those who love a lover. It will be remembered that when Barnato jumped overboard from the steamer Scot, then at anchor off Madeira, the second mate of the boat, George Clifford, plunged in after him.

Barnato was drowned and Clifford had a narrow escape from a like fate. When he was brought back to the deck of the steamer he was showered with compliments and a purse raised for him. In addition the family of the millionaire gave him \$10,000, while Queen Victoria complimented him upon his bravery.

But money and fame were not the only rewards Clifford got. His heroic action also brought him a wife, for whose hand he had been striving in vain. He had been in love with Mary Simmons, the only daughter of a wealthy diamond dealer in Cape Town, and although his affection was reciprocated the parents objected to the match, as the sailor was poor and had no prospects.

When his deed became known the parents decided that he was fit to be their son-in-law, and on his return to Cape Town he married pretty Mary.

Total Weight of All the  
Brains in the World.

A statistician, on the assumption that the earth contains 1,400,000,000 inhabitants, estimates their brains as weighing 1,022,712 tons. This gives the average weight of about forty ounces per head of the population, which is probably too generous an allowance. According to the observations of physiologists, the average weight of the brain of an adult male is 48 ounces, and in a female 43 ounces, while at birth it is said to be about fourteen and twelve ounces respectively.

Something, however, must be deducted from the above estimate, as a child's brain at the age of seven years averages about

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